

Boulder

Families

Percy family went letter.

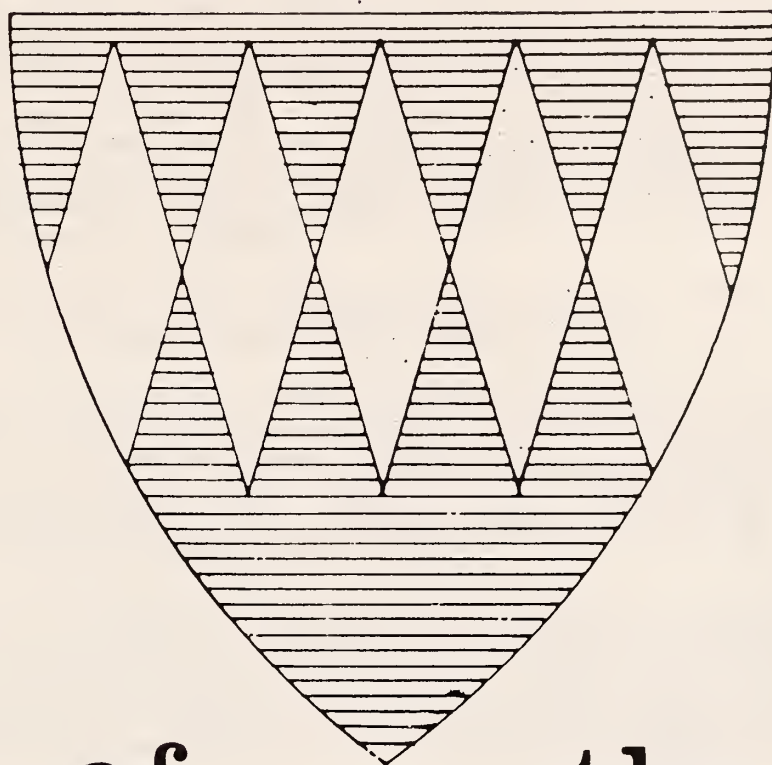
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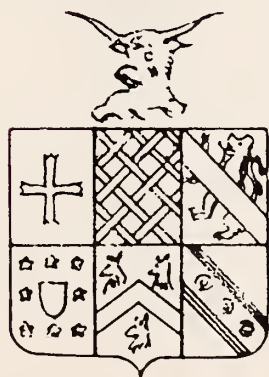
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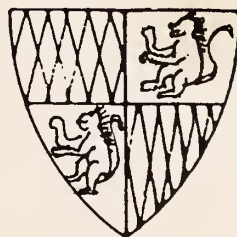
NEWSLETTER



of the
**PERCY - PIERCY
FAMILY HISTORY
SOCIETY**



Rich. PERCEHAY



PERCY-LOUVAIN



Thos PERCEHAY

1990

Vol. 6 No. 4



EDITORIAL

This, the winter issue, completes the volume for 1990 and I write this looking from my study at about a foot of snow and with the temperature ranging from minus 10C at night to minus 3C during the day. It is the first snow of any depth seen in London for many years and, as usual, we do not seem to know what to do about it and life grinds to a halt. Our Canadian and American 'family' may no doubt consider it to be not abnormal and one can hardly imagine how their forbears withstood the ferocious winter cold in somewhat primitive conditions, compared with today's technical comforts.

Of course winter here is summer in the Antipodes, with temperatures no doubt at the other extreme. No comment.

I have to report that the Society will in future be a little more organised, in that it has acquired the talents of a Treasurer, in the form of a retired accountant member, who will administer the books and subscriptions from now on. He is Spencer Piercy, member number 87, and we welcome him and his willingness to take on this task, to ensure that we are financially sound and correct.

Also Brian Piercy, our Secretary, has agreed to undertake the vacant position of Chairman, in addition to his research activities, leaving me to continue as Editor of the Newsletter and related notices and correspondence. Thus we have become a 3 man organisation with more time available for dealing with Society matters and hopefully extending its range.

As a result of this I enclose details of our next annual get-together, in which some of our overseas members have expressed an interest. This is also reported in the Newsletter and it is hoped that many of you will find time to come.

In dealing with the correspondence, I am always pleased when I receive a congratulatory note from a member, regarding the Newsletter. Thank you for those recently sent and I am delighted that the magazine gives pleasure and interest.

The format is fairly well established now but if any member can suggest any improvements, I will always be glad to hear of them.

Material of course is still urgently required for publication but I do sincerely thank those who have added their contribution to the recent issues.

TED PERCEY
Editor

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF PERCY

By Gerald Brenan

Chapter II - The Second Line of Percy: its beginnings Continued

The stature of Henry Percy, who succeeded his father as third Lord of Alnwick and eleventh baron by tenure, must have been brief beyond the ordinary; since the old English chroniclers, who seldom indulged in any personal descriptions of their heroes, again and again refer to his small size. The Alnwick Chronicle speaks of him as "hic parvae staturae", but is careful to add that this "man of few inches," this little knight, "was loyal, brave and kindly-hearted," and withal "of so generous a mind that he coveted not the lands of others, but remained satisfied with those he had inherited." The Lanercost Chronicle calls him a "small but skilful captain." When only fourteen he was contracted to the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, and great-granddaughter of Henry III, the second marriage of a Percy with a member of the royal house in a period of little over half a century. From boyhood upward he was his father's constant companion on field and foray, acting successively as page, squire, and lieutenant to that scourge of the Scots. More lucky than his father, however, he followed Edward III to France, and led a Northumbrian levy at the battle of Crecy. But no sooner had Crecy been won than, sniffing border warfare from afar, the "little knight" hastened back from Picardy and rode blithely down into the North to draw a sword in that stalwart army of "priests, chaplains, fryers and the like," which his sire had brought together for the defence of Durham. Thus it was his enviable lot to take part in the victory of Neville's Cross, with the hard dints of Crecy still fresh upon his armour. At one critical moment, when the English showed signs of retreat before the Scottish onslaught, he is credited with a brave deed, which helped materially to turn the tide of fight. Resolving to shame these tall borderers into holding their own, he rushed ahead of his men, hacking furiously to right and left with his great sword, so that at sight of so much courage in so small a soldier, the Northumbrians took heart of grace, and followed shouting upon his heels. The Scots too, embarrassed by the little man's attack, gave way before his blows and a great press of Northern knights closing about Harry Percy, the first vantage of the day was won.

After his father's death, Percy was on many occasions Warden of the Scottish Marches, and it is not improbable that it was during his career that the hunting fray of Chevy Chase (since wrongly confounded with the battle of Otterbourne) took place. It is certain that many such bloody encounters happened between the forces of the English Warden and the musters of Douglas. It will be remembered that in the older Ballad of Chevy Chase, the leader of the English is styled not "Earl Percy" (as in the version of the Reliques), but "The Percie out of Northumberlonde."

However, the period of Chevy Chase, and the identity of the Percy who took part therein, have long been questions upon which antiquaries cannot pronounce decisively. The character of the stout baron who vowed to take his pleasure in the Scottish woods "in spite of doughte

Douglas," bears no little resemblance to that of the third Lord of Alnwick. Brave to the point of rashness, yet supremely generous to a fallen foe, the Percy of the ballad is our "parvus miles" to the life. The manner of the eleventh baron's death is not stated, but we know that it occurred on June 17, 1368. He was buried beside his father in Alnwick. No mention has hitherto been made of his brothers, one of whom, Thomas Percy, was Bishop of Norwich, while another, Richard, Lord of Semar, was summoned to Parliament as a baron during the reign of Edward III. Of Percy's sisters, one married Robert de Umfreville, and another Ralph, second Lord Nevill of Raby, both of whom fought beside Percy at Neville's Cross.

The elder son of the eleventh baron was yet another Henry Percy. From his youth up the near relationship which he bore to the royal family brought him into close association with the Court, and his cousin, John of Gaunt (who was his senior by barely two years), became the constant companion of Henry and the latter's brother, Sir Thomas Percy, in their early experiences of war and venerie. At the age of fourteen, Henry Percy served at Poitiers, and three years later he was married to his cousin, the daughter of Lord Nevill of Raby. In 1360 he proved his skill as a leader of troops in France, earning knighthood at the hands of the Black Prince. With his brother, Thomas, he took part in the costly expedition to Castile in 1364 and 1366 witnessed his investiture with the Order of the Garter. In 1367 he was made Warden of the Eastern Scottish Marches, to which, a twelvemonth later, was added the care of the Western Marches as well, so that the peace of the entire border was in his keeping.

Meanwhile his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, had also been winning fame as a stout and adventurous knight and in the pages of Froissart many stories of his prowess may be met with. He succeeded stalwart John Chandos as Seneschal of Poitou, and in that capacity took Moncontour and St. Severe. At the latter battle his cousin, Sir William Percy - there were several of the name then warring at home and abroad - fell in the escalade, bearing the English standard. When Thomas Percy was at length wounded and taken prisoner by that strange mercenary, the Welsh soldier-monk Owen, outside Soubise, the Black Prince gladly yielded up the fortress of Levroux as the price of his kinsman's freedom.

While Thomas shouted "Esperance" so lustily in France, be sure that upon the Scottish Marches Harry was not idle. A brawl at Roxburgh Fair in 1370 between Northumbrian yeomen and Scots brought swords flashing and arrows flying, so that many vassals of Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March, met their death, and the English bowmen had much the best of the fairing. But vengeful Earl Patrick had no thought to suffer such an affront in his own bailiwick; so mustering his moss-troopers, he broke across the western border, and swept Cumberland like a whirlwind, carrying off a great booty of prisoners, horses, and kine. Naturally this foray brought about immediate reprisals on the part of the English. Skirmish followed hot upon skirmish, raid upon raid, until at length Percy raised a large army, and invaded Scottish territory. If the successes of the House of Percy be herein faithfully set down, its failures and defeats must not be forgotten, and this luckless expedition proved a defeat and a failure verging on the laughable. Scots rhymers,

as quick to seize upon the satirical side of the English repulse as their descendants were long afterwards to hold the rout of "Johnny Cope" up to deathless ridicule, have left us a metrical account of the invasion and its results. It may be that they have somewhat exaggerated the humorous features of this inglorious campaign, but their verse is well worth perusal. Speaking of Percy, we are informed that

"with sevin thousand of nobill men and wucht,
He came till Duns; and thair he baid all nycht."

During the night, however, some Scotch shepherds had occasion to blow upon the rude horns which they used for the purpose of frightening away deer and wild cattle from their flocks. Startled by the hideous uproar, the horses of the Northumbrian army stampeded and a wild panic followed among the troops themselves. Cries were heard on all sides that the Scots were coming and, heedless of their leader's threats or entreaties, the frightened English fled helter-skelter back to Northumberland -

"Sone by the flouries in the dew did fleit:
And leit the Percie pas hame on his feit."

Soon after this untoward retreat, serious disputes arose between Percy and the first Earl of Douglas, in consequence of hunting expeditions which the Lord of Alnwick had been accustomed to make along the southern fringe of Jedburgh Forest. Several bloody skirmishes resulted, any of which might have supplied the germ of "Chevy Chase". At length Douglas, finding that he could not put an end to Percy's Scottish hunting by force of arms, laid complaint before the English court and the king appointed Commissioners to settle the matter. It does not appear that these peacemakers were very successful in their efforts for, after a while, the feud broke out with more vigour than ever, matters being complicated by the fact that Douglas took to hunting in Northumberland in his turn. But a brief lull there was, while the Commissioners nosed over musty charters, and questioned woodmen, so that in 1373 Lord Percy found time to cross channel, and draw his good sword in France. He took with him a picked company consisting of twelve knights, forty seven squires, and 160 mounted men. With him too went his son Harry, a boy of eight, afterwards to hew his way to fame as "Harry Hotspur." The French campaign however proved unsuccessful. The great captain, Du Guesclin, roundly defeated the English on land, while the fleet was almost annihilated by a French armament off Rochelle. As commander of one of the vessels in this engagement, we find Percy's brother, Thomas, whose restless energy had led him to exchange land fighting for the perils of the sea. Just in time to save England from utter disgrace, a truce was patched up and Lord Percy - who appears, at this portion of his life, to have been a particularly unlucky commander - returned dejectedly to Alnwick.

But the news which met him as he crossed the Humber was of a kind calculated to shake off dejection and awaken the lust of vengeance. The good advice of the king's Commissioners notwithstanding, hunting quarrels had again kindled the torch of war upon the borders. It was Sir John Gordon who, on this occasion, had a grievance against the Northumbrians; but when blows were to be struck against Percy and

Percy's men, there was no holding back the Earls of Douglas and of March. Gordon Douglas, and March raided the countryside from Berwick to Newcastle, retiring into Scotland with bloody spears and a great prey of cattle. Swift on their heels came Percy, his soul still hot with recent French defeat, and Teviotdale paid dearly for the harrying of Northumberland. Fight succeeded fight, raid followed raid, all through the years 1375-76. A savage fury seemed to possess both Scots and English. In the words of the old rhymers -

"They spairit neither man nor wyfe,
Young or old of mankind that bare lyfe;
Like wilde wolfis in furiositie
Beith brint and slewe with greate crueltie."

The feud seems to have spent itself, for the time being, at the close of 1376.



SEAL OF HENRY, FIRST BARON PERCY



SEAL OF HENRY, SECOND BARON PERCY



SEAL AND AUTOGRAPH OF HENRY, FIRST EARL
OF NORTHUMBERLAND

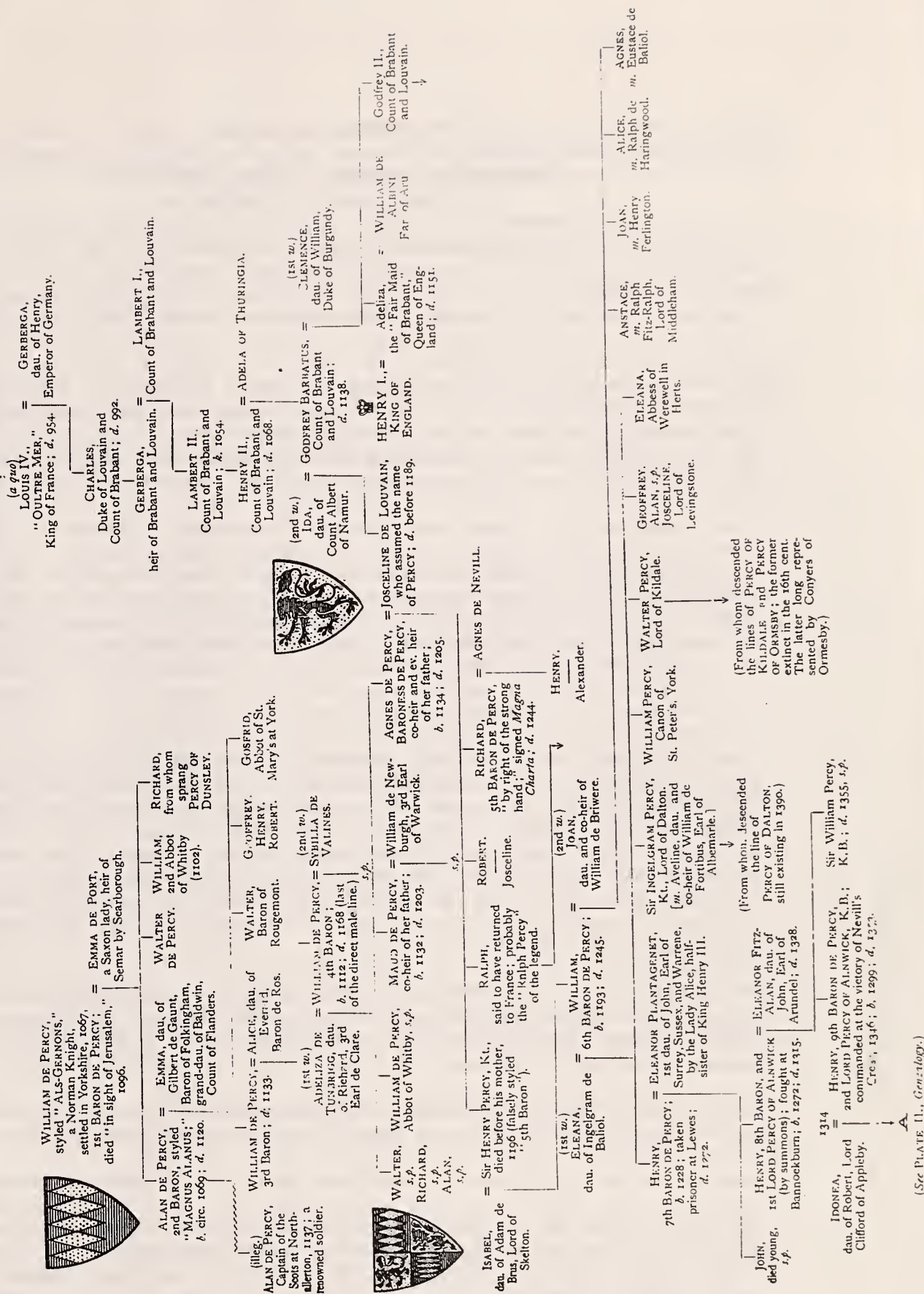


*Henr. Northburghus 1^{us} Comitis Northburgh
80th Jun. 1570. A. Calen. 1^{us}
A. quod a capto copulatus 1^{us} B.*

GENEALOGY OF THE HOUSE OF PERCY

TABLE I.

CHARLEMAGNE, Emperor of the West.



(See PLATE II., Genealogy.)

THE PIONEERING PERCYS
FROM RICHES TO RAGS AND THE STRUGGLE
TO GET BACK AGAIN IN AUSTRALIA

Contribution from Alan Percy, Member No. 41

Over in Western Australia a certain Sir James Mitchell had a similar idea to a previous settlement scheme that went wrong also, i.e. The Australind Peel Inlet Scheme to get Australia populated and moving.

The scheme in mind was to send glowing reports to England, along with false pictorial evidence of a land just flowing with milk and money, to lure farmer types over to South West of Western Australia to pioneer and open up a large tract of undeveloped virgin bush country and convert it to paying and prospering dairy country.

This scheme was government backed and was financed by banks. It all started going wrong from the start but large numbers did arrive, strive to survive and a handful did remain and some, a very few, still retain the original farms, even today. My Grandfather's farm, called Newby Farm, was held until 1971 when my uncle, Robert Edwin Percy, died and his wife then sold the property. It is now owned and run by a good mate of mine, Keith Holben, who is getting sick of me asking him if he wants to sell it back to our family. The farm is on Group "13", nicknamed the "Devil's Own" for reasons obvious to the early settlers.

Sydney Thornton Percy left England on 23rd December 1911, a young 21 year old married man, on his own and arrived in Fremantle Port, W.A. on 31st January 1912. He was on his way to becoming a "Groupie Farmer", in our beaut Group Farmer Settlement Scheme. He was sent to a central wheatbelt town of Kellerberrin, to learn the way of farming as done here in Australia. You have to realise that our seasons are completely reversed to yours in England, and we don't need high pointy roofs, (as they built initially) to run the snow off, because at age 50 I have yet to see my first snow.

Our winter starts in March, April, May; June, July and August are our three coldest months; Spring starts September, October, November; summer begins December through January and February, our two hottest and driest months of our climatic year.

The Cowaramup District and Town is named after one of the local birds, a parrot type, the Cowara, found only in this area originally.

Each farmer was to be sent to a farm in W.A. for a year's practical experience, to learn the ropes, as it were. Not many got to do this, most being later on shipped straight into the Bush. My grandfather was one of the lucky ones going to work for a Mr. Hatfield of Kellerberrin. From a letter received in England, Mr. Hatfield came from Crambe, a small village in Yorkshire.

It appears from this letter that my grandfather had two children at this stage and was working for a farmer in England previously at a farm

Masrishes ? called "Swallow me Crack", on account of a large crack in the ground. It goes on to say she met her parents when they were very old and living at Burythorpe. (Margaret Brown my grandmother).

The address changed in 13.1.1913 to c/o J.D. Hammond, Cattering, Kellerberrin (a new farm) and then to James St. Kellerberrin, where I found a Margaret Percy owned a residence until 1920s. They then had 4 surviving children. Minnie May Percy, born 1912 and died 7.2.1913 and buried 9.2.1913 at Kellerberrin.

In 1920, my grandfather, his wife and 4 were moved to a camp, a group of 20-plus a fore-person (hence the names of Groupie Farmers), to a place just north of Cowaramup, well Number 19. Here each day they were taken out by the foreman to do communal work on each of the 20 properties, until they had a small area cleared and fenced on each property. The work was very arduous, the Jarrah and red gum trees were enormous, second only to the giant Redwood trees of America, but twice as tough and very thick, like some of our population.

These foremen were not full bottles on conditions of farming in Australia either, most of them as green as the rest. The government of the day had some very unsatisfactory farming methods as well. They supplied each group with a plough, a mulboard, a set of harrows, two horses and each farmer later on 3 cows, a horse and a waggon.

Certain conditions had to be met to receive monies for services rendered, one of these was having to plough the land a minimum of 10 inches, which brought up all the sour soil from the coastal country, requiring large amounts of trace elements and superphosphates to counteract the severe ploughing. This was only discovered after crops just would not grow. My father introduced an African Kikuyu grass, which was the saviour of ours and many other farms in the area. Mentions are made in local papers of the Percy family winning best Kikuyu grass stand and best Berkshire pig at the show, agricultural of course.

The conditions of surviving and eking out a living, I won't say making a quid or a dollar, because no-one ever became rich on or off a group farm, were to say the least appalling. No water except a tank, no power or lights, no sanitation, no house, just a tin humpy, no furniture or clothing, only what you made out of Bush wood and old bags.

I've been there and done that, but to ask someone nowadays to actually go out and work (manual labour) under those conditions would create world war 3. Even the tough element in those days, some 40% actually failed and walked off the properties.

The old pictures and descriptions of the way of life and conditions would appall anyone nowadays but in those early years I guess it went on all over the world. America, etc. must have been the same. But community spirit and sharing and caring is the element missing from today's peoples. Who would imagine in those days having to have security locks on all doors and windows, nailing everything to the floor and all the crime and corruption that is part of "civilisation" as we

now know it. We, as a people, have certainly not advanced to any degree towards betterment and some of our forefathers would be turning in their grave to see the results of their labours abused as they are.

People were never "bored" in those days, if they had time or energy left they made good use of it. Entertainment and enjoyment was made by the people for the people. Daylight saving was never needed. Kids didn't go around bashing old people or in gangs robbing and smashing. The parents had a better code of ethics and the family was a unit, well knit and loved. There were no street kids. I could go on and on but that won't change anything will it.

I started to write a short story and it is turning out to be an epic saga. But the picture is, some were workers and stayers and eked out a living and carried on, some just did not have the staying power and walked off, and others came to take their places and so it goes on, even till today.

Our South West Groupie Area is now cleared into farms, most converting to beef and sheep raising as the dairy industry was over produced, what irony. The tall timber has mostly been milled and sold, the place is running to erosion more trees are being planted. The Greenies and Do Gooders are running around excitedly organising this.

People are up in arms about shooting poor defenceless duck, rabbits, foxes, kangaroos and emus. Once upon a time these were the staple diet. You cannot throw a fishing line anywhere in our country without a licence, in fact you can't do anything in our free and democratic country without a licence, it does not help preserve any species, just make work for an army of civil servants and a bit over for the government coffers.

The sad thing about all this is we, at the moment, are shooting our sheep and burying them in bulldozed pits because you can't give them away. Wool is a nasty four letter word we can't sell, the government has stockpiled millions of bales of it around the country. Wheat is a five letter word, same result. Farmers are again walking off properties because they are again not viable. The whole country is in a mess. We have been dropped from AAA credit rating down to the third world country basis. Hawke and Keating have ruined our country over the last 10 years. We are in a recession country wide with a record 30 businesses a day going bankrupt. It would appear all our pioneers' hard work has been for nought. Crime of course is at an all time high, people have to live, won't venture out at night and wonder each day will they be able to feed themselves and their families.

Its a weird place we live in - as the song goes. We can produce enough food to supply all the starving millions but instead we burn or shoot and bury it, all because someone wants to make a million dollars out of everything they do. So much for our pioneers but I think it will get even tougher from now on.

HELP WANTED

I am interested in the society as my cousins and I were brought up being told that we were descended from an Agnes Percy who ran away from school in Maidstone and married a man by the name of Taylor. This couple were said to have had a daughter who married an Easdown. An Elizabeth Taylor married William Easdown 24 March 1805 in Saint Nicholas, Rochester. Their eldest daughter Percy Ann married Thomas Sidney Smith 10 May 1831 in St. Olaves Southwark.

I am aware that an Agnes Percy born about 1785 was the daughter of the second Duke of Northumberland. As Elizabeth Taylor married in 1805, Agnes was not old enough to be her mother. Agnes married Major Buller in 1821.

In correspondence with an Easdown descendant, he traced Elizabeth Taylor as being baptised in the Parish of Frindsbury on 12 May 1782, daughter of Stephen and Percy Taylor. She was born in 1777 and lived until 1862. Both she and her husband William Easdown (1784-1850) are buried in the churchyard at Cobham, Kent. In the microfiche in the library of the Latter Day Saints I found that Stephen and Percy Taylor had a son Stephen christened at Linton 13 February 1774. Only 57% of the Kent church records are on microfiche so maybe more information about Percy will turn up some day. From the number of towns that I have mentioned it is evident that these people moved around quite a bit for the eighteenth century.

The first duke had two "natural" daughters (House of Percy, p.454), who are both buried in Westminster Abbey. Philadelphia 1770-1791. and Dorothy who died in 1794. Do you know her year of birth or age at death, and could she have had a child by any chance. My reason for asking is that in the microfiche under the County of London, there is a record of an Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of Joseph Taylor/Dorothy christened 17 September 1786 at Finsbury, Saint Luke Old Street. Frindsbury and Finsbury only differ in two letters and handwriting of tombstones could be confusing. I have wondered if the first Duke of Northumberland had more natural daughters who were not buried in Westminster Abbey?

Do you or any of your members have any information on Percy Taylor, who is buried in the churchyard at Cobham, Kent. Is there any information as to who her parents were or what her maiden name was? Another question is whether Percy Taylor is the mother of the Elizabeth Taylor who married William Easdown.

Submitted by WINIFRED SMITH (Miss)
Member No. 93

My father's name is Hector Gibbons Percy, his grandfather was Edward Toomer Percy who I believe came out to New Zealand possibly on the Mary Shepherd 1866. I have just started researching and some items written in the family bible are unclear. However, I do know that he was

apprenticed to Sam Cripps, Hinley on Oxon and his address seems to be Mill End, Bucks. It is dated 1844. His wife was called Annis Gibbons and she was registered on the 5th February at Wallingford Berks, St. Mary's Church, Rev. of Sangley (?).

Dad's father's name was George Gibbons and so far I have established that the family lived in Christchurch. There was an elder brother, Edward, a sister Edith born 1874. The bible mentions a Charles Shepherd Piercy born on the Mary Shepherd on route to N.Z 1866 and mention is also made of a Thomas Piercy born February 1858, possibly another son.

I would really appreciate it if anyone in your society could help me in any way, i.e. who I could write to, get photostat copies of birth certificates of Annis and Edward and how I could find out where/when they were married.

I suppose someone in New Zealand told you of Thomas James Piercy, died 1989 September 17th in Wellington. Many years ago he told me that his grandparents had come out to Invercargill from Scotland.

I have just started researching so if anyone knows anything that may be helpful or has any suggestions, I would love to hear from them.

Submitted by **JULENE HOLFORD, Mrs. (nee Piercy)**
Member No. 97

Since becoming president of the Williamson County (Texas) Genealogical Society in May of 1989, I have been left with little time for personal family research. Our society is a very active one and it keeps me very busy! Except for one board meeting, we do not meet in summer, so I have a little free time until September.

So far I have learned nothing about our branch of the Percy family from your Newsletters and have about come to the conclusion that my husband's people came from Ireland based on the information on the attached sheet. In reference to your Newsletter for Winter 1984/85, Vol. I, No. 2 under "OCCURRENCES OF THE NAME P'C'Y WITH LOCATION AND DATES", you show under Ireland that there were Percys there from the period of 1650/1699 through the period of 1800/1849 (less than 200 years). Our immigrant ancestor, Charles Percy, arrived in Mississippi about 1778 which was within that time frame.

Attached also is information from a book that I stumbled across accidentally about a titled Butler in Ireland who married a Percy, but don't know where to go from here with the information.

CHARLES PERCY

<p>married 1st, somewhere in U.K. Margaret ? Issue: (among other) Robert Percy Issue: (among others) Thomas Butler Percy</p>	<p>(our line) married 2nd, in Mississippi, USA Susanna COLLINS Issue: (among others) Thomas George Percy </p>
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For clarification of our line, see summer/autumn 1987
Vol. 3, Nos. 3 & 4

There could be a connection between our Percys and the
PERCY/BULTER family as shown in the book entitled,

"MAJOR BUTLER'S LEGACY, Five Generations of a Slaveholding Family"
by Malcolm Bell, Jr.

The subject of the book (Major Pierce Butler, born 1744) is of no significance except that he was the third son of Sir Richard and Lady Henrietta (Percy) Butler of Garryhunden in Ireland. Sir Richard was the fifth baronet of Cloughrenan, and a member of Parliament from County Carlow. The eldest son, Thomas Butler, became the sixth baronet in 1771 and held the title until his death less than a year later. Major Pierce Butler's father, Sir Richard, bought him a commission in the British Navy, and like Robert Percy, settled in America but much earlier, between 1767 (his first visit) and 1771 (when he married a Charlestown, South Carolina heiress).

Except for County Carlow, I cannot find any of the places mentioned above on any map. I even have a copy of a map of Ireland published in London in 1772. However, County Carlow is bordered by County Kilkenny on the west where Robert Percy was born.

The book gives the following information on the subjects mother, Lady Henrietta Butler, also known as Harriet. Lady Butler's family claimed to be of Northumberland blood. She was the granddaughter of Anthony Percy who had been lord mayor of Dublin. (Her father's name is not furnished). The claim [of descent] from Northumberland, was first raised by her great-grandfather, James Percy, an Irish trunkmaker who persisted in petitioning the House of Lords for nearly twenty years. Although his claim had validity, the patience of the lords wore thin, and they sentenced the claimant to wear a paper in Westminster Hall declaring him a false and impudent pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland.

It is highly possible that Robert's father, Charles Percy, who named his plantation in Mississippi "Northumberland Place", was also a "false and impudent pretender". He was in Mississippi by 1778.

The reason all of this seems significant is that, Robert Percy* named a son Thomas Butler Percy!

Robert Percy was born in Kilkenny, Ireland in 1762. He would have been only 10 years old and already at sea when Thomas Butler, 6th

baronet died for when Robert was eight years old he became a Captain' Helper (in 1770) and worked himself up from there. Robert Percy married in St. George's Church, Bloombury, London, by special license issued by the Vicar General Office on Sept. 14th 1796. When his first two children were born in London, Robert was a Lieutenant in the British Navy. When he was discharged on Dec. 8, 1801, he was a Lt. Commander. His other five children (including Thomas Butler Percy) were born in Louisiana.

If our Percy family is connected to the wife of Sir Richard Butler, it is my thinking that someone else in the Percy family could have been named Thomas Butler Percy first and Robert may have named his son, who was not born until 1809 in Louisiana, after that Percy. It is unlikely that he ever knew Thomas Bulter, the sixth baronet, very well if at all.

I do not know how to persue this any further and wondered if you might have any information on the Percys in Ireland or suggestions as to how I could find out anything.

Mrs. Joanne W. Percy
212 Oakwood Drive
Georgetown, TX 78628

member # 64





Ratt's Stephen Percy . . . anyone for a sewer tour?

Los Angeles Times
13 January 1991

RATT TRAP: L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley recently paid tribute to Ratt for the hard-rock group's involvement in several anti-drunk driving organizations and voter education programs. But did the band get a key to the city? A free pass to City Council meetings? An honorary badge from police chief Darryl Gates? No way. The group got an offer it couldn't refuse. In a certificate of commendation signed by Mayor Bradley, the band was so honored: "Recognizing the usual habit of Ratt's rodent namesake, the group has an open invitation to receive a tour of our hundreds of miles of Los Angeles sewers anytime." According to Bill Chandler, Bradley's publicity exec, the city does occasionally offer similarly oddball commendations. "We once had a Funniest Nut Day in honor of Planter's Peanuts," he said. "But we did want to praise Ratt's involvement in several worthy causes." As for Ratt, group leader Stephen Percy sounded excited about taking Mayor Bradley up on his offer. "I'm anxious to take the tour. Trust me, I've slept in worst places."

READING BANDMASTER'S DEATH.

We record with regret the death of Mr. Richard Henry Piercy, at his sister's residence at Paignton. Mr. Piercy, who was 52, was paying a visit to the seaside for the benefit of his health, but died very shortly after his arrival. He was very well known in Reading for his love of music, and always took a keen interest in local bands. When a youngster he played in the Reading Temperance Band, and was a member of the old Reading Borough Band from its commencement till it became defunct. In later years Mr. Piercy was connected with the Caversham and Reading Veterans' Band and was bandmaster until quite recently. For many years he was in the 1/4th Royal Berkshire Regiment (Territorials) and served with them throughout the war both in France and Italy.

The Funeral.

The funeral took place at the Reading Cemetery on Wednesday with full military honours. The funeral procession was headed by a firing party from the Royal Berks Depot, under Sergt. Orchard, and the Caversham and Reading Veterans' Band, under the new bandmaster, Mr. Charlton. The "Last Post" was sounded by Drummer Shepperd. About 40 employees from Messrs. Collier's, where Mr. Piercy had been employed, were present, and the coffin was borne by six of his friends. Mr. Morgan represented the Musicians' Union.

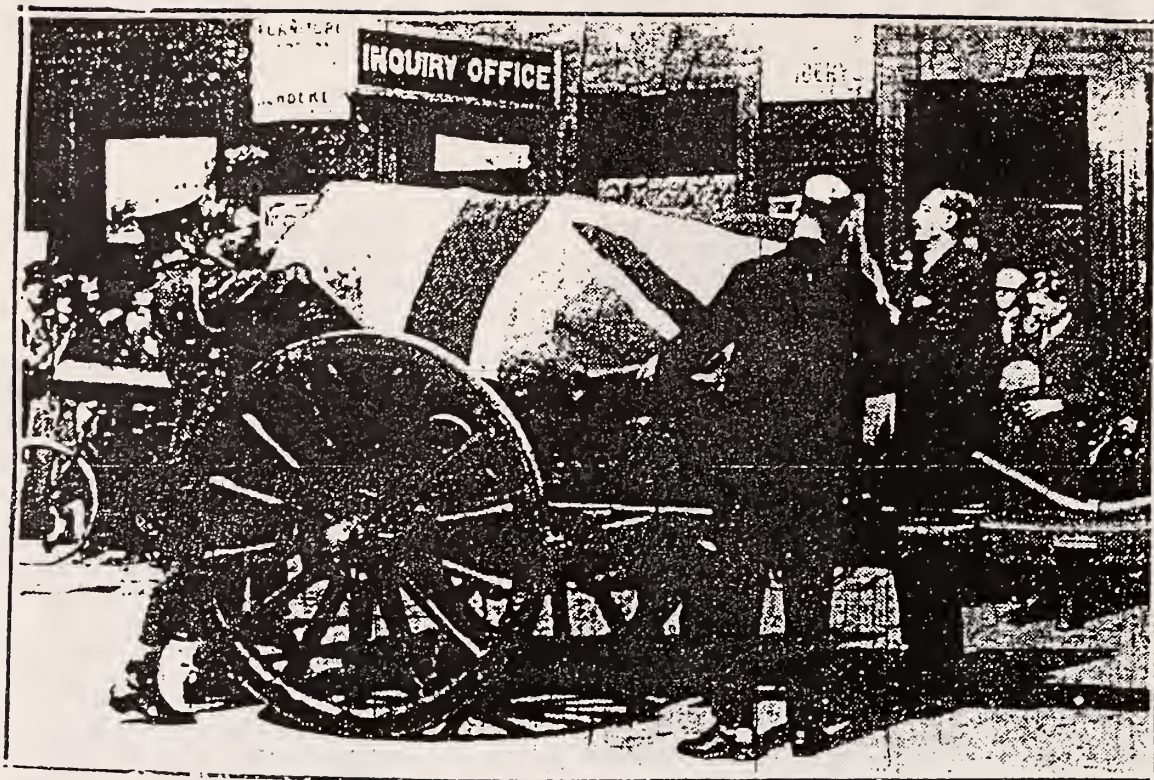
The Mourners.

The family mourners were: Mrs. Piercy (widow), Messrs. Ronald and Raymond Piercy (sons), Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. E. Justus, Mrs. Ballard, Mrs. Laidley, Mrs. Eyecars and Mrs. Gosden (sisters), Miss D. Court, Mrs. Carter, Miss J. Court, Mrs. G. Piercy, Mrs. W. Piercy, Mr. F. Gosden, Mr. Laidley, Mr. W. Hall and Mr. Eyecars.

The Floral Tributes.

A number of beautiful floral tributes were received from the following:—"Widow and boys," "Lil and Min and niece Con," "Brother and Uncle at Paignton," "Lottie and Charlie Honey," "Ada, Bob and family," "Rose, George and family," "Will and Nell" (Godalming, Surrey), Mrs. Higgs and Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Rix and family, Mr. and Mrs. P. Smith, "Will and Jessie Piercy," Alf Baker's Orchestra, "R. and M. Chisby," Mr. and Mrs. J. Rice and Mr. and Mrs. W. Morgan, "Neighbours and friends," "His fellow-workmen," "Maud and Frank," Mr. and Mrs. White, Captain F. T. Norris, "Fanny," "Aunt Sarah and Cousins" (Titchmarsh), "George and Nellie," "Maurice, Charlie and Jean," Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot and family, "Alice, Daisy, May and Ivy," "Nellie Millar," "Harry, Lily and Ivy," "Fellow-workmates from No. 5," Mrs. Freeth, and "G. W. Heeves" (Henley). The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. C. Lovegrove, of Friar Street, Reading.

This is a nephew of the Australian Nettlebed Piercys
(see over also)



WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of Mr. Piercy, of 160, Belmont Road, Reading, took place on Wednesday with full military honours. The coffin was brought from Paignton to Reading by train, and the picture shows it being placed on the gun carriage.
(Photo, Collier and Guy.)

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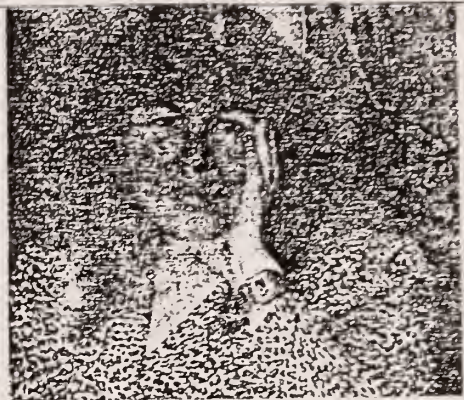
A SOLEMN PROCESSION.—The firing party from the Royal Berks Depot, which headed the funeral procession of Mr. Piercy. He had been a member of the 1/4th Royal Berks Regiment (Territorials).

(Photo, Collier and Guy.)

Contribution by CAROL PIERCY
Member No. 71

Marge Piercy, a feminist novelist and poet, has written *Gone to Soldiers*, an epic novel of World War II that promises to be one of the major books of the spring

A woman writer treads on male turf



My earliest memories are of World War II. It's what changed the lives of everybody I knew. It's what changed—enormously—this country. So I've always known that I would eventually write a novel about it. Seven years ago, I began doing the research while writing another novel. I compiled an enormous data base—seven times as long as the manuscript—from interviews and reading thousands of books. I must have read 300 accounts by concentration-camp survivors as well as the accounts of American soldiers who went in on the day of liberation. The book took 4½ years to write. Parts of it went through 20 drafts, and all of it went through at least five drafts.

In all, the book contains 10 different major characters with their own viewpoints. In the third draft, I took every character and wrote his story through separately so that I would have the language, the tone, the emotional coherence down. In effect, I wrote 10 novels. When I got to the fourth draft, I put the book back together, intermixing their stories.

There were times when, in order to keep the book straight, I had to use three-dimensional models made of colored paper and wood. Each character was represented by a different color. I've always thought that novels have a shape and if you could only look at them three-dimensionally you could get a grasp of it. This is the first time I've used modeling, but what I always do is develop enormous dossiers on my characters long before I start writing so that I know an awful lot more about them than I really need for the book. That's part of my strategy for making them come to life. I include a lot of kinetic things—how they move, talk and think, what they're afraid of.

Working this way gives me an opportunity to move into other people's heads—peer through their eyes and see how different everything looks. You live out all sorts of parts and pieces of yourself in a novel. You find yourself in all characters no matter how dissimilar to you they may appear to be. If you can't find yourself in them, you can't make them come alive.

"Ordinary people"

A novel as large and complex as *Gone to Soldiers* has both very simple messages and many complex ones. The very simple message is that it's better to survive than to die and that ordinary people are capable of an enormous amount more than they think they are. I also have created a book in which, judging from readers' responses so far, each person who comes to it is going to encounter his or her own war. People respond so differently to the characters and identify with such different ones that it is as if every reader has an individual experience of the book.

I have a different perspective on World War II than the male novelists, like Norman Mailer, who have written about it. I see wars fought not between armies but between populations. They involve babies, old people and women as much as men of fighting age. I'm very aware that in armies there are relatively few men in the front lines in comparison to the vast number of individuals who get involved behind the lines. The war has an impact on the lives of ordinary people, whether or not anybody in a family goes into a battle situation. If somebody does fight, he comes back very changed. Vietnam was not the only war where sons, husbands, lovers came back from battle different. That's another price of war.

The writer's changing world

I'm your classic literary writer, except that all my books are still in print. I had the usual experience of being made an enormous fuss over when I was very young, which is what they do with women writers. When you first burst on the scene, you're sort of nubile. Then the critics want you to die after a while. They either ask: "Why are you still doing what you are doing?" or "Why are you doing something different?" In my case, it was the latter. I went through a period in which everybody said: "She's writing political; she's writing feminist; she's writing political-feminist, so we don't have to deal with that." But I have gone on and on. Every book has been different, and people have gone on reading them. That's what has saved me.

Since I began writing, the world has changed a lot in what women are allowed to say in their work. In my new novel, I have one character who's a writer of romances. She's a very strongly sexual woman, but there is no way in which she can ever put her sexuality into her writing or deal with a lot of things in her life, including her background of child abuse. Today, women writers can embody the whole range of experience in their work.

To show just how restrictive novels used to be, when I was growing up there were no Jews in fiction. All characters were Anglo-Saxon Protestants. All heroes were English gentlemen. I remember the excitement I felt when I was in my 20s and there began to be Jewish-American writers. They were all men, and after a while it became evident that when they wrote about women they showed the same contempt and the same lack of understanding others did when writing about Jews. Still, it was terribly exciting. It has been that constant creating of a literature of many more voices in which more people can find their families, their faces, their hopes and fears that has been important in creating a space in which writers like me can exist.

Conversation with Alvin P. Sanoff

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, May 18, 1987

Contribution from Becky Piercy JONES - Member No 75

